



N E W S

FROM

W I N D S O R :

BRINGING THE MONARCH

Duke of MONMOUTH'S Welcome:

OR,

CONGRATULATORY

On His return from

S C O T L A N D

It is enough, brave Prince! Thy Glory now
Sits full and fresh on thy Heroick Brow.
Our Thanks were deeply in Arrear before
Unto thy Prowels, Now th' half rais'd the Score
So high, that such another Obligation
Will make a Bankrupt of the English Nation.
Put off thy Armour then, that thou may'st here



Meet *England's* Love as great as *Scotland's* Fear ;
 And after all the great Fatigues o' th' Field,
 Enjoy those Pleasures which the Court doth yield ;
 That we, assur'd of thy safety, may
 Cry *Io, Triumph, and keep Holy-day.*
 See how the *English*-men already crow'd —
 To pay their Thankfulness in Vollies loud,
 More of their Conquerour than Conquest proud.
 Here some begin a repitious glance
 On thy Heroick Actions in *France*,
 While some reply, that thy *Mastrick* half Moon
 Shines brighter far than does the Sun at Noon.
 There others cry, *The Lord have Mercy on's,*
 He acted more than Miracles at *Mons* :
 And all, at length, in loving *Chorus* joyn,
 Saying, 'tis *Scotland, Scotland*, makes him shine.
 Now, base Rebellion, shrink and disappear ;
 Retreat to Hell while *MONMOUTH* liveth here.
 Oh happy *ENGLAND*, which in One can't find
 Such Loyalty with so much Courage join'd
 Borne on those Wings ; How swift did *MONMOUTH* flye
 To *Scotland*, there to crush Disloyalty.
 His Loyal Heart did scorn to seek excuse ;
 His Courage offer'd Him to's Countrey's use.
 So expeditious was His Enterprize,
 That He, unthought on, fac'd His Fnemies ;
 Who seeing Him were quickly vanquished,
 His Name's enough to strike a Rebel dead.
 Avaunt then all you Covenanted Crew ;
 For where His bright Example cannot do
 His Sword will find the way to make you true.
 But that's already done, why say I more,
 At *Bothwell* Bridge he threw Rebellion o're.
 Where after gaining Friends, and His Foes slain,
 He (Thanks to Fate) is safe return'd again.
 Thrice welcome (*English* Darling) dost Thou come,

Thy Presence is now requisite at home,
 Now when a Foe, more dangerous than *Scot*,
 Does 'gainst our King and our Religion plot.
 Now when the Nation scarce knows who is Who,
 And all suspect each other as untrue;
 When *Jesuit* disguis'd, *Rome's* Emissary,
 Makes all our Counsels and our Trade miscarry;
 When all, beset with Jealousies and Fears,
 Are like to go together by the Ears;
 Whil'st those who active are for Common good,
 In danger are for that to lose their Blood;
 When nothing but great Misfits and Clouds appears,
 And every thing the face of darkness wears,
 Then you (Great Sir) like Morning Sun arise
 Dispersing all our Fears and Jealousies;
 And having gotten you at home again,
 We can with Confidence our Fears disdain.
 Now *Pope* and *Devil*, we desie you all,
 Now do your worst our *MONMOUTH*'s within call.
 He dare do good, and stem your damn'd Designs,
 Your Gold won't poison him, though you bring Mines;
 He loves you not, and dares to tell you so,
 He's *Protestant*, and that you'll quickly know.
 He has as many hearts inchain'd to His,
 As any Duke can have who e're he is.
 Thus do we hope and hug our selves in thee,
 Great Prince, our Champion for Loyalty;
 Thy presence makes us Sing, Rejoyce and Smile;
 And Plotting Catholicks do grin the while;
 We know we're one, that a true Subject is,
 We know His Carriage never struck amiss:
 In him we dare confide, and dare oppose,
 The most imperious of our Churches Foes:
 Then Courage Countrymen, near fear a fall,
 We need no Bulwark, but our General:

Our safety can't be lost but with His blood,
 He's the Epitomy of all our good ;
 As us his Arms, let Him our Prayers defend,
 From all the perills which the brave attend :
 Heaven Guard His Life, may his Victorious Arms,
 Be ne're out-done, but by his Dutchesse Charms ;
 May He descend by's numerous Progeny,
 A lasting Blessing to Posterity ;
 May happiness his highest Wish prevent,
 And nothing prosper that's against Him bent ;
 Let Riches crowd and Pleasures flow about him,
 And inward Virtue raise the good without Him ;
 And after all may His deserts receive
 The Publick Acclamation, Long Live

FINIS.